THE DANCING MASTER

By RUBY AYRES Author of "The Phantom Lover," "A Bachelor Husband,"

Tesch You to Forget Him." HARDLY listened; he went on

pleading passionately. Before she could speak he broke out

John Hunter, a new writer of absorbing fiction, probes revered by the series of womankind.

Before she could speak he broke out the series of a lawver had not it to see you. You would have kept your telegrated to care—and you would have severed to save to list the series of the series of womankind.

Be almost laughed when presently he said diffidently:

"There is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. and that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. and that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. and that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I ought to tell you before we return. And that is—er—something I think I

It was easy enough to talk of never leving any one else, to say that no other man should come into her life; but she was only twenty-one, and she level Royston with that pathetic singleness of heart which fortunately few women possess.

Never to see him again! to have to the all her life without him! it was a

Never to see him again! to have to be all her life without him! it was good-by for a day, or a month, a year—it was forever! Her own despair terrified her; she fared not give way to the tears that threatened to overpower her; though the was not to meet Mr. Junkers until

o'clock, to escape from her thoughts de dressed and went out.

She would ask him to take her back to Dilbury when he returned; she knew quite well that Madame Senestis would not keep her a moment longer then she heard that the engagement with Farmer had been broken.

"I can't bear it—I can't bear it."

the farmer had been broken.

"I can't bear it—I can't bear it."

"I can't bear it—I can't bear it."

Silcum's with a short note to say that Miss Stacey had zone away, and left through her mind with aching monot-She sat with her eyes fixed on the

grass at her feet, a feeling of unutterable weariness weighing upon her.
"I thought it was you," said a voice beside her suddenly, and Elizabeth looked up into Enid Sanger's face.
For a moment neither of them spoke,

for a moment neither of them spoke, then Royston's wife laughed.
"You're not going to say you're pleased to see me this time, then," she said cynically. "You did once before, I remember. Move up, and let me sit down—I'm tired out."
She looked very worn beneath her make-up, and Elizabeth moved silently to make room for her on the seat.

to make room for her on the seat.
"So you're not going to Paris with
Pat?" Enid said abruptly after a mo-

ment.
Elizabeth caught her breath.
"To Paris?" she echoed, and her heart seemed to die.
"Yes—he's off tonight." Enid was

there all along that he was in love with you, 'she added harshly. 'He's always denied it, till last night,' she laughed. 'I got the truth out of him then, though.'

There was a little silence. Elizabeth scheeks. 'Oh, are you married?' she exclaimed.

Netta nodded, flushing a little. Netta nodded, flushing a little. 'Two—two months ago. I went over to Paris with Pat, you know, and I met my husband there''—her eyes met Elizabeth's rather defiantly. 'I

Enid went on again in a queer dis-Minted sort of way:
"I made a fool of myself last night I made a fool of myself last night to last to take me with him to dreadful feelir myself I can tell you—I said I loved him * * * She began smoothing out the fingers of her gloves restlessly. "The rotten part of it is that I believe I do," she added evaleally.

she added cynically. "Oh-please!" she protested in an-

Enish.

End stared at her.

"Why, what's the matter?" she had married that old swee yours—what was his name?" Elizabeth laughed shakily.

Elizabeth made a guick movement got engaged to some one else to be the control of the control

Elizabeth made a quick movement as if to rise, but the elder girl caught ber hand, holding her down.

"Don't go—I'm not going to hurt of the said, and then bitterly, "My God! no wonder you both hate me."

"I don't hate you—I'm sorry for you—sorry for us all," said Elizabeth, is a shaking voice. "There's nothing is be done.

you—sorry for us all, 'sam ...
in a shaking voice. "There's nothing to be done 's' it's just one of those things that happen, I suppose."

She could feel Enid's eyes upon her, but she could not raise her own to meet them, and Royston's wife went on curiously:

"He's running after an actress now, my dear! I don't think you damaged him very much."

Elizabeth looked away. She had not cared for Farmer, or wished to marry cared for Farmer, or wished to marry humble to be some forgotten that he loved

me. I suppose you're too good—is that it? You think it's wrong?" Elizabeth looked up then.
No I wanted him to take me

-and he wouldn't," she said. Enid took her hand away from

Enid took her hand away from Elizabeth.

"That's Pat all the world over," she said. "If he'd been like some men I know, he'd have got rid of me ages ago—he could have done—but he doesn't believe in divorce."

"I know—he told me." Elizabeth said quietly; then suddenly she hid her face in her hands. "Oh, it's so dread-fal—sitting here, talking like this—to you." she faltered.
Enid laughed.

Distring here.

Fou!" she faltered.

Enid laughed.

She rose to her feet with a half she rose to her feet with a half she rose.

She rose to her feet with a half she rose to her feet with a half she rose.

The rose is to Paris! So Royston was going to Paris!

After tonight there would be no need to fear that she might meet him; he was cutting himself off from her life very effectively. very effectual'y this time. She was too benumbed with pain to

her back to Dilbury with him he agreed

her back to Dilbury with him he agreed readily.

"My wife will be only too pleased to welcome you," he assured her.

"Can I come with you at once—to-day?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered. "If Madame Senestis—"

A Story of Love

That reaches the deep places of the human heart. In Love Will Never Die John Hunter, a new writer of absorbing fiction, probes rev-

months in London.

Mrs. Junkers was more or less of an invalid, and gradually Elizabeth took the management of the house upon her-self and looked after everything as she had done for her uncle in his lifetime. So when, after a month, Mr. Junk-ers asked her if she would stay with them indefinitely she accepted with gratitude.

But when it was all finally settled. she went up to her room and looked at herself in the glass with a wry smile. In spite of everything she was back in the old rut again-she had taken her place once more in the unrelieved monotony of quiet, uninteresting things, and passionate rebellion swept

through her soul.

Was all her life to be spent like this? Was she never to know anything better?

She had written once to Netta, but

no address. She was in Paris with Royston. Elizabeth told herself feverishly; and no doubt she was quite forgotten.

The summer were away unevent-fully. Once Elizabeth saw a mention of Royston's name in a London paper —it appeared that he had made some considerable success with a new dance which was all the rage for the mo-ment in Paris; and again in an illus-trated weekly she turned a page sud-denly and found herself looking into his eyes.

Just a head and shoulder portrait of him, but it tore open the wound afresh in Elizabeth's heart and broke her down into a passion of sobbing.
Royston had forgotten her—she had not seen him for five months—why should he remember her when every day of his life he must be meeting prettier and more attractive women?

She knew the injustice of the thought. tracing figures in the soft grass with the point of her sunshade. "I saw the point of her sunshade. "I saw him last night, and we had a most glorious row." She raised her painted the swiftly to Elizabeth's face. "I shopping for Mrs. Junkers, and ran into Netta Stacey in Regent street. but it tortured her all the same, and then-one day toward the end of Octo-

on; she was watching the girl curi- met Elizabeth's rather defiantly. "I suppose you're one of those know what you're thinking—but what ously. "I suppose you're one of those milk-and-water sort of people who was the use of fretting myself to fiddle think it's wrong to care for a married strings for some one I could never man!" She shrugged her shoulders. "Well-if I'm in the way, you need "Pat wouldn't have ever looked at me soft worry yourself. He never cared if I'd waited twenty years for him, so for me—and he hates me now * * I seem to have made a pretty mess of glad now I did. I used to say that all may life altogether." she added bit—marriages were frauds—well, mine marriages were frauds-well, mine

isn't anyway! I'm ever so happy."
"I'm glad." said Elizabeth faintly. She realized how dowdy she was next to Netta's smartness, and the old dreadful feeling of unwantedness crept into her heart again. "And you-what are you doing?"

"I'm living at Dilbury, * * * I went back with Mr. Junkers-my un-cle's lawyer, you know, after and I after I left Madame Senestis; and I still live with them-I look after the house-Mrs. Junkers is an invalid." "Oh, I see-we thought perhaps you had married that old sweetheart of

You mean Walter Sneath? Oh, he got engaged to some one else, and he doesn't live in Dilbury any more." Netta hesitated, then suddenly she osked, "Why didn't you marry Nell Farmer?" Elizabeth winced.

"I didn't care for him couldn't "He was ever so kind-

Was every one the same, she wondered? Was there no such thing as con-stancy or true love in the world?

"So you're not married to any one?" Netta said bluntly.

"Nor engaged?" "Then why on earth didn't you answer Pat's letter?" There was angry exasperation in Netta's voice. "You might have written even if you had changed your mind."

Elizabeth turned scarlet, and her breath came fast. "What do you mean? I never had a letter—he never wrote to me. " I haven't seen him or or heard from him for-for five months

• • • Oh, Netta, what do you mean?

Netta shrugged her shoulders. "It's no business of mine," she said casually, "But he did write! He wrote from Paris as soon as he could; he sent he letter to you at the Senestis woman's * * * it was the only address

cane was too benumbed with pain to realize how much it meant; she was only conscious of a great weariness. Hizabeth said wildly. She was trembben presently she went to meet Mr. When she asked if he would take to Dilbury with him he would take to Dilbury with him he would take the was too benumbed it? I never had it? Hizabeth said wildly. She was trembing from head to foot. "If he did write, Madame never sent it on to me—oh, indeed, I never had it."

Ne ta made a little grimace. he knew.

ndeed, I never had it."

Ne in made a little grimace.

Ne in made a little grimace.
"It's odd how letters go astray sometimes." she said dryly. "However, if you say you never had it——"
"You know I never did! I should have written—I should have written."
Elizabeth's voice was hourse with emotion; her lips quivered so that she could hardly form her words.

TO BE CONCLUDED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS-Society Leaders, Take Note

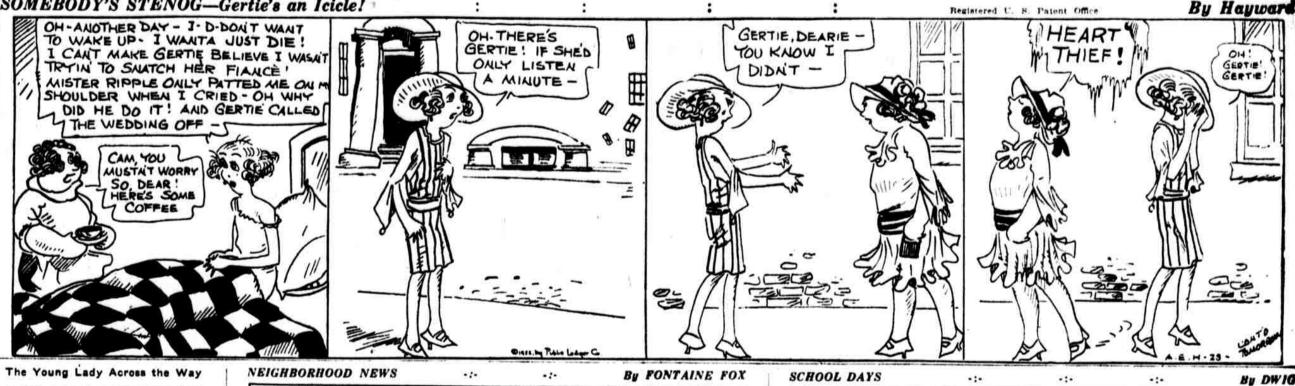


SOME NIGHT AT THE GARDEN AND LET THE LIGHTS SHINE ON IT- SHOW IT TO THE WORLD - YOU CAN'T
MAKE ANY EXCUSES NOW THAT YOU
CAN'T AFFORD IT - AND GOODNESS
KNOWS THAT YOU DON'T WORK SO
HARD THAT YOU CAN'T SPARE
A COUPLE OF NIGHTS OUT OF
THE WEEK -

THIS THING OF FILLING YOURSELF FULL OF FOOD AND LYING BOWN ON THE COUCH AND SLEEPING TILL TEN OCLOCK HAS GOT TO STOP - IF YOU WANTED THAT KIND OF LIPE YOU SHOULD HAVE MARRIED BOME OLD LADY-I GOT A LOT OF NEW CLOTHES FOR UNCLE BIM'S WEDDING AND I'M GOING
TO WEAR THEM BEFORE THEY CHAMGE
STYLE- THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SEE
MY CLOTHED ARE THE DREBEMAKER.

By Sidney Smith SOCIETY NOTES: - THE MIPE OF THE WEALTHY MR. GUMP SPENT LAST WEEK AT HOMES SHE EX PECTS TO SPEND THE SUMMER AT THE SAME PLACE-MRS. GUMP AND SON WERE SEEN AT THE PICTURE SHOW LAST EVENING -MRS. GUMP GAVE A LAWN PARTY TO A BASKET OF WASHING THURSDAY

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Gertie's an Icicle!





The young lady across the way says her father says he couldn't pass the examination for life inand he ought to have studied harder beforehand.

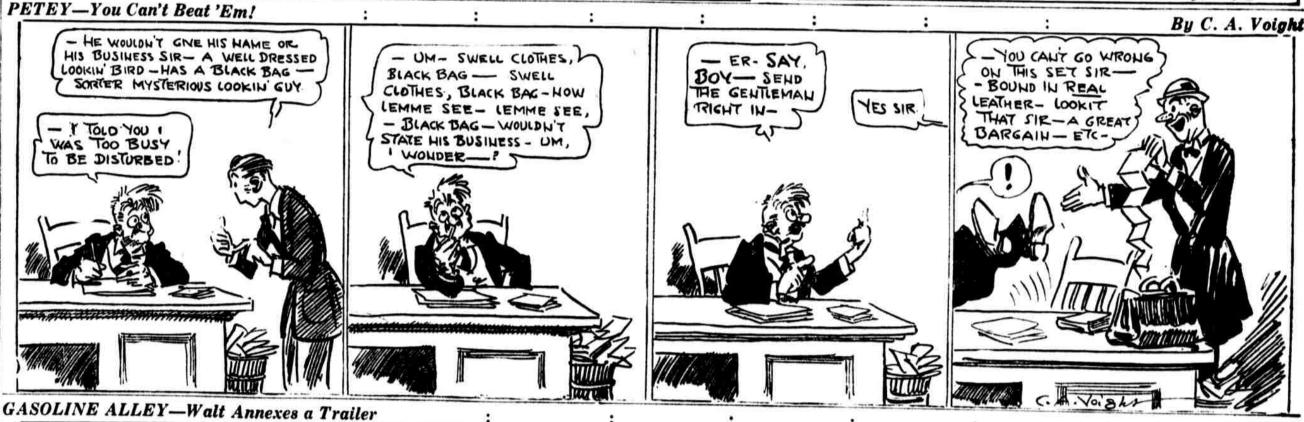
NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS By FONTAINE FOX el time trying to read

the paper and keep track of his youngoter me time until it occurred to him to make

that cellar excavation ment door.

Zuge 7

PETEY-You Can't Beat 'Em!



By King O FELLAS! LOOK WHAT THERE! THERE'S THE O. SO YOUVE MET WAIT WALT -WALT'S DRAGGING INTO THE BIRD THAT WAS NEVER THE LADY! YOU ALLEY! WE'VE WON THAT WERE YOU GOING TO EXTEND FIRST CAN'T DODGE PROPERLY DINNER AID TO MRS BLOSSOM'S FATE, YOU KNOW! INTRODUCED !